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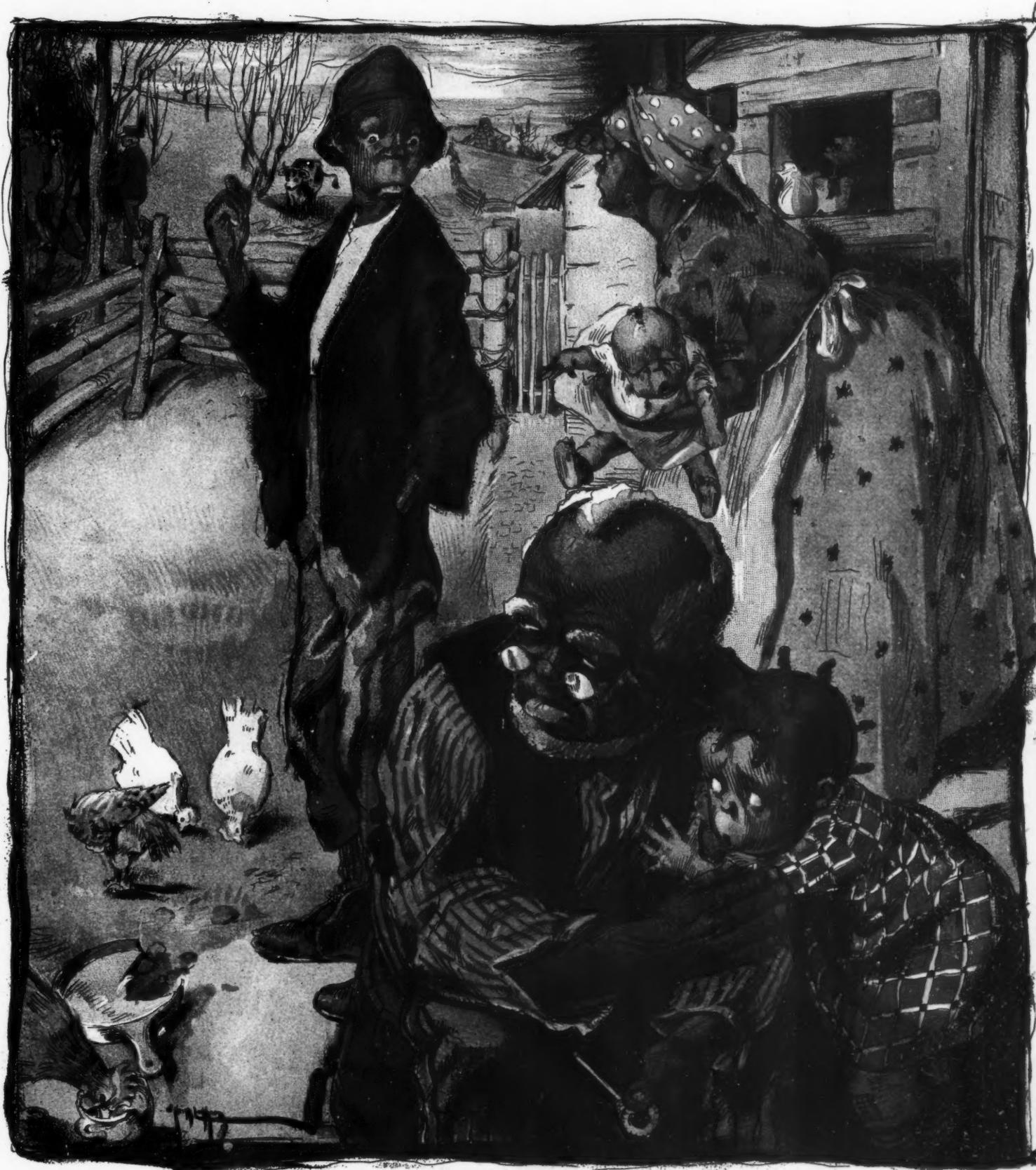
PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 11th, 1900.

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PRICE TEN CENTS.



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IN. GEORGIA.

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PETE.—Am dis much bettah dan de ole slav'ry days, Uncle Tom?

UNCLE TOM.—I dunno, zac'ly. In dem times we wuz too valy'ble to be lynched!



THE PERILOUS POSITION.

This Kentucky gentleman, asked how he had come to be shot, freely confessed that it was chiefly due to his own negligence.

"There were quite a number of feuds," he explained, "which I had not taken the trouble to mix up in, and, of course, it was only a question of time when I should be an innocent bystander in a shooting scrape!"



PROOF AT HAND.

FIRST POLITICIAN.—I read an article not long ago that said if Cuba was annexed it would take ten thousand office-holders to govern it.

SECOND POLITICIAN.—Yes, sir! I tell you, prosperity follows the flag!

LOSING HEART.

ABNER.—Old man Tingler says the country's goin' ter smash if things keep on as they have been goin'. He says he's resigned himself ter the inevitable.

JEDEDAH.—Yes; I understand that he has n't writ a letter of advice ter McKinley fer three months!

THEIR REASONING.

"The customs duties," said the First Protected Manufacturer, addressing his fellow-voyager on the homeward-bound steamer, "I include among the duties we owe ourselves."

"Just so," said the Second Protected Manufacturer; "and, of course, in special cases we need not insist upon them."

Accordingly, with untroubled conscience, they smuggled in a number of articles picked up in London and on the Continent.

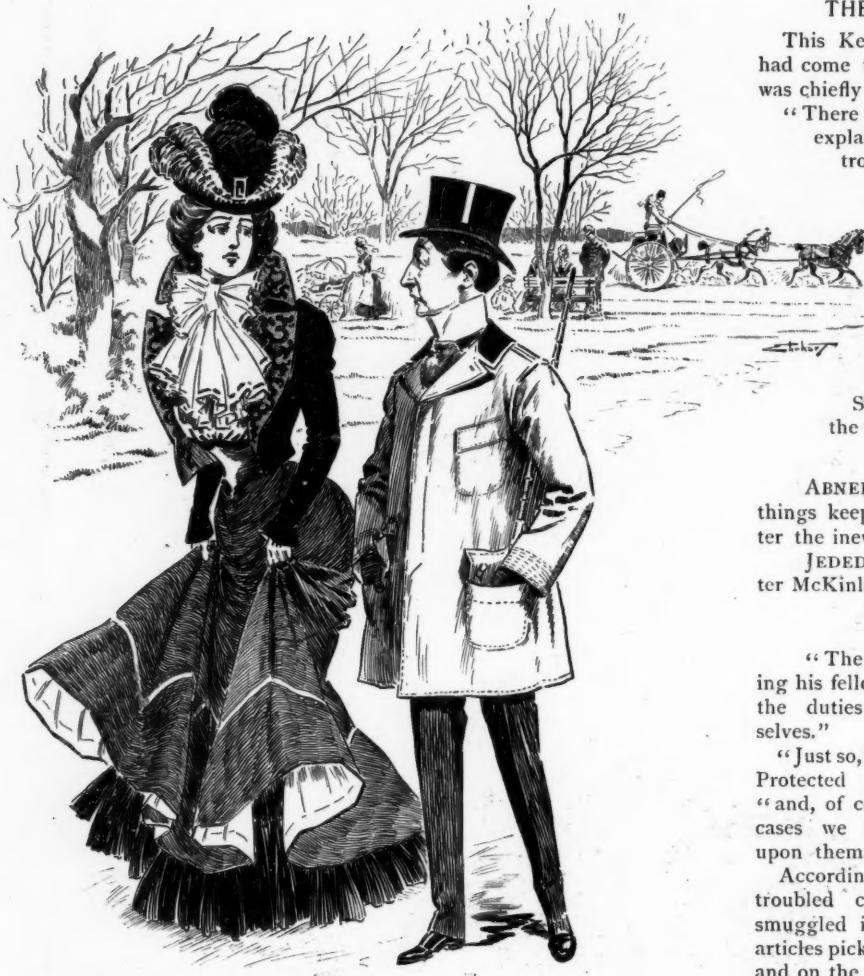
MARRIAGE IS the Spion Kop of some Society People.

THE MORAL of the Boer war is—Mind Your Own Business.

THE BOER may go down to posterity as the man behind the kopje.

IT IS not easy to see how the concert of Europe can ever be a genuine concert with the little German one-man band carrying leading parts.

SO MANY sidelights as the magazines are throwing on Cromwell have the effect of leaving us in some doubt whether the Lord Protector made history or simply did a serpentine dance.



TOO LATE.

PERCY.—I feel so deuced sorry for poor Jack.

ETHEL.—Why, what is the trouble? He has only been married a month.

PERCY.—Yes; and his rich uncle has just died and left him a million, when it's too late to do him any good!

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.



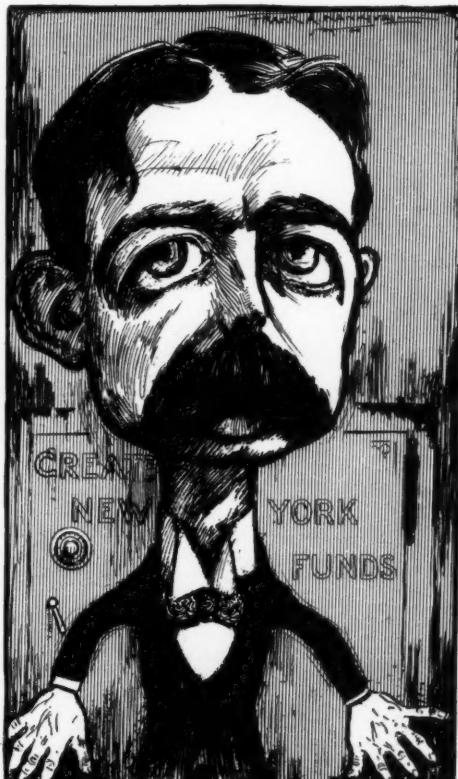
MINERVA sprang from the brain of Jove
Equipped with spear and shield,
And reigned where'er stern warriors strove
On many a well-fought field.

But Goddess of Wisdom, too, was she;
For in those days of yore
In most men's minds, as we may see,
Was Wisdom linked with War.

But if Olympus ruled once more
Minerva's reign would cease;—
Or she'd be Goddess of Folly and War,
Or Goddess of Wisdom and Peace.

WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THEM.

"I wonder why they have so many insurrections in South America."
"Don't know; unless, perhaps, they have liquor laws which are really enforced."



PUCKOGRAPH.—XLVII.

A TAMMANY MAN WHO TRIES TO SAVE US FROM TAMMANY.

PUCK.



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FLATTERY.

ANGELINE.—He says he tinks I am too young to get married!
PENELOPE.—Ah! Dem men will say anyting to flatter a woman!

IN MY PORTICO.

Ting-a-ling, a-ling! The Portico is in session. Alcibiades, cease looking around the pillars at the passing maidens. If you expect to be the showy citizen of History, heed my lessons. There are adornments of the mind, as well as of the person, and we can not say of the mind, as sometimes we do of the body, that that which is unadorned is adorned the most. That is rather a porticolian remark, and over at Socrates's Seminary it would be thought a marvel to be bequeathed to posterity.

Alcibiades, our lesson to-day is on bigotry in controversy. I should thank you for better attention.

The world contemns the bigoted controversialist. On the other hand, the world universally admires and respects the controversialist who is fair-minded and open to conviction.

It is a natural surprise to the student of human nature to find the world at large taking a position which seems just and excellent; and it becomes our part as philosophers, Alcibiades, to solve the paradox and determine how the world is wrong, as usual.

You will learn much, Alcibiades, if you give closer heed.

By a fair-minded controversialist the world means a controversialist who,



WHAT QUEERED HIM.

FURDY.—So you told Mrs. Gotrocks she looked as young as her daughter! I suppose that caught the old lady?
PERCY.—Yes; but it lost me the daughter!

finding that his opponent's reply is supported by the world's opinion, admits the correctness and sanctity of the views expressed, applauds the virtue and wisdom which produced them, and contritely apologizes for having, in an unenlightened state, mistakenly adopted a foolish and wicked opinion which he now recants and forever abjures.

That, Alcibiades, is what the world means by a fair-minded controversialist. If he does not do these things he is a bigoted, pig-headed and, of course, sophistical controversialist whom the world contemns.

W. F.

NOISE.

It was not long until the successful Scot was approached by a magazine of literature, in behalf of its seven million and odd intelligent readers.

"Tell us," implored the magazine, "how to make a noise in the world!"

"Hoot, mon!" replied the great personage, with a deprecatory gesture.

WHEN EGOTISTS marry there is a fair chance that one of them will get over it.

DEATH LOVES a shining mark; also the mark who has let his life-insurance lapse.

PUCK.

A NATURAL SUPPOSITION.

CHICAGO BOY.—Papa, was n't it a mistake not to call this "Lake Superior" instead of the other lake?

PAPA.—Why?

CHICAGO BOY.—Because Chicago is on this lake.

A GREATER ACCOMPLISHMENT.

MRS. GOOD (*calling on Willy's mama*).—I presume, Willy, that Waldo Squanch is considered the brightest boy in your school? I am told that he can repeat the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence without a mistake, and the entire multiplication table forwards and backwards.

WILLY.—Huh! that 's nothin'! Why, Bob Thickneck's uncle, that 's just got back from 'way out West, has taught him to swear in two different Injun languages!

PROSPERITY.

"Golly! De way Sam looked he must 'a' struck it rich somehow!"

"Looked prosp'rous, did he?"

"Did he? Say! he looked like as if he would n't need to go to wuk fo' t'ree or fo' weeks!"



ONE THING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

THE EDITOR.—There is one great pleasure in running a newly-established paper.

THE PUBLISHER.—What 's that?

THE EDITOR.—We receive no letters from "old subscribers."

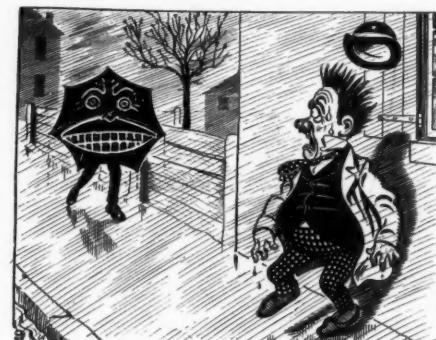
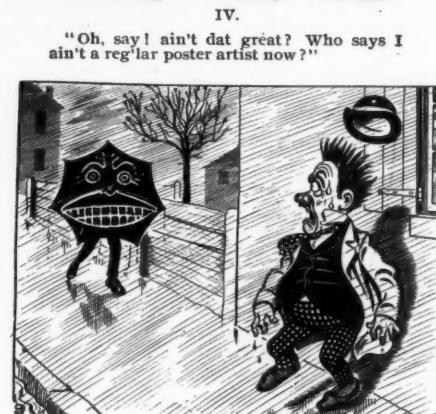
HER OPINION.

HE.—Then you consider woman more intelligent than man?

MISS NEW.—Decidedly! Man has n't even intelligence enough to recognize his inferiority.

HARD LINES may not be easy to read between, but whatever is found there is learned by heart.

ONE OF the singular points about the Good Samaritan is that he does not seem to have given the other party any advice.



HE HAD DOUBTS.

THE BOOKWORM.—Dost thou not agree with the saying that learning is better than house or land?

THE DEALER.—Oh! I know not. Sometimes it seemeth to me that when that saying originated there must have been an awful slump in real estate!

THE TYRANT.

In the melodrama, Gabrielle and Josand, the lovers, flee, while in the distance are heard the hoof beats of the pursuers.

"Have we time?" falters Josand, in much anxiety.

"Unless the public taste shall demand specialties!" exclaims Gabrielle, steadfastly.

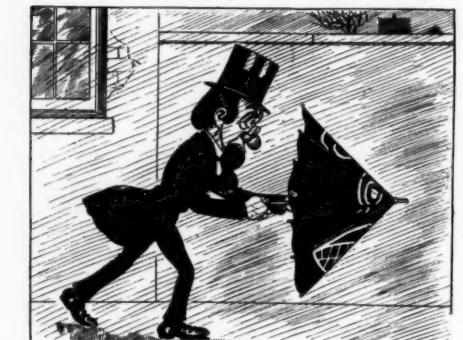
To-night, perhaps, the tyrant, whom none dare defy, would be merciful.

TO BE INVESTIGATED LATER.

IKEY.—Vot means pulling a man's leg, fader?

FADER.—It is some way of making money, but I haf not had der time to shtudy it up yet.

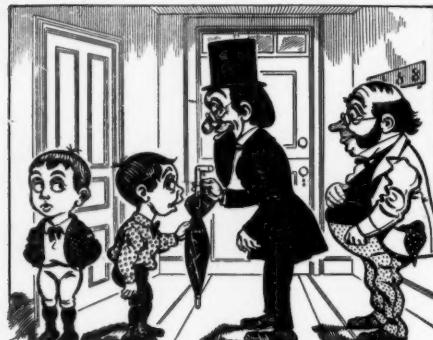
A TIMELY DEATH affords, perhaps, the most effective cold-storage for fame.



WILLY STEARNS.—Hully gee! Here's de Deacon's umbereller; let's have some fun wid it! He's in dere talkin' wid Pop!

"I know what to do! Here's some white paint. We'll open de umbereller and paint a face on it!"

"Oh, say! ain't dat great? Who says I ain't a reg'lar poster artist now?"



DEACON SPRINGWATER.—Well, good day, Brother Stearns! I am off on what is probably a hopeless mission. Ah, yes! my umbrella; thank you Willy!

"Phew! This is a rain! Good thing I brought my umbrella! If I can only find that poor Drinkall!"

MR. DRINKALL.—Whatter I care for rain 'r anything else? Am warm inside all right! (as he spies the Deacon coming down the street). Flying snakes and red alligators! I've got 'em at last!



VIII.

"There's no place like home under these circumstances! Oh! Oh! Oh! I must have them awful bad! I seem to believe it is following me!"



IX.

(Arriving at his house a little ahead of the Deacon).—“It's all right, Deacon. No intrusion! What you say is true. What I saw was enough for me! Chased me down to my very door. I'm done! Give me the pledge; I'll sign it. There!”



X.

DEACON SPRINGWATER (returning home after the shower).—Success attended my un-assisted labors at last! But he was in a terribly nervous state! He must have imagined he saw something horrible. Well, no matter, I will get the credit for his reformation!

A REVISED OPINION.

DASHAWAY.—You called on Miss Tutter the other day, did n't you?
CLEVERTON.—Yes.

DASHAWAY.—How did you like her?

CLEVERTON.—Oh! I don't know. So-so! Rather commonplace, I thought.

DASHAWAY.—Well, you made a better impression on her.
CLEVERTON.—How do you know?

DASHAWAY.—Oh! I saw her last night and she could n't say enough about you.

CLEVERTON.—Nonsense!

DASHAWAY.—Oh, no! it's a fact. You must have been in a happy mood, for she thought you extremely interesting.

CLEVERTON.—Did she say that?

DASHAWAY.—Yes; and a good deal more. Told me that she did n't know when she had met a man that was so bright as you.

CLEVERTON.—That's hard to believe.

DASHAWAY.—But she did, old man! Thought you were handsome, too.

CLEVERTON.—Well, well, that's surprising! I was feeling pretty good that night, as I remember.

DASHAWAY.—You must have been, to make an impression like that.

CLEVERTON (immensely flattered).—Well, well! It's hard to believe.

(They part, and two hours later CLEVERTON meets CASTLETON.)

CASTLETON.—Hello, old fellow! I hear you were around to Miss Tutter's the other night.

CLEVERTON.—Yes; I was.

CASTLETON.—How did you like her?

CLEVERTON (earnestly).—My dear boy, without any exception, she is one of the prettiest and cleverest girls I ever met in the whole course of my life!

Tom Masson.

JUST SO.

LITTLE WILLY.—Papa, what is a fray?

CAPT. CANNISTER.—That is what the fellow calls it who was never in one, my son.



A WAGNER NIGHT.

THE ESCORT.—I suppose the weather has kept your father at home?

MISS BOXHOLDER.—Well, he says it's the weather, but I think it's the music!

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E. G. B.

PUCK.

HIS REFRESHING CANDOR.

"**N**OW—ER-H'M!—feller citizens," proceeded the Arkansaw politician, who was desirous of ingratiating himself into the hearts of the voters and a seat in the State legislature, "I am aware that I am expected to git off a few—h'm—well-chosen words on the financial question durin' my speech yere to-night. A few months ago I should have done so by echoin' the irresistible argyments of the great and only William Jennin's Bryan, and requestin' you to gimme Free Silver or gimme death!"

"But, as that illustrious statesman has of late sawter 'peared to have discovered that Silver hain't the only parrymount issue, I'll be honest with you, my friends, and say that I hain't got the time to foller Mr. Bryan through all his devious windin's and rammyfications, but will come right to the p'int and boldly state what he'll git around to intimatin' after a while, namely—that if I'm elected I pledge you my sacred word of honor that durin' my entire term I'll take any kind of money, and all I can git of it, and spend it just as I durn please. This yere financial policy of mine hain't particularly sonorous nor picturesque the way I express it, but it's the same one that most of the other statesmen stand on, in spite of the roses of rhetoric and the enamel of eloquence that they sugar-coat it with."

"Frankly, feller citizens, I am for any kind of money that will git me the office and for any kind that the office will git me. I want the office, but I'll be jiggered if I'll lie to you in order to git it, especially as I am convinced by lookin' into your intelligent faces that I could n't fool you if I tried. And now I ask you, in all candor, would n't you rather elect a truthful politician than one who is a liar and a hypocrite as well? Ladies and gentlemen and members of the band, I thank you!"

It is to be recorded that so great was the intelligent voters' appreciation of the astute gentleman's ingenuousness that they voted for him so early and often that he was swept into office on a great wave of popular enthusiasm.

Tom P. Morgan.



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HARDER STILL.

MR. JONES.—A minister out West tried to run a newspaper the way the Lord would run it.

MRS. JONES.—If he had succeeded it would have been a wonderful thing.

MR. JONES.—Yes; but not half so wonderful as if he had run a church the way the Lord would run it!

AT THE BURGLARS' CLUB.

FIRST MEMBER.—I tell yer, dere 's goin' to be a big scandal in dis club when de facts come out!

SECOND MEMBER.—What 's de trouble?

FIRST MEMBER.—Why, half-a-dozen of de members has been found out workin' in wit' de police.

MARVELOUS.

"Why, sir, the growth of Kentucky is remarkable!"

"Yes, I know, Colonel. Its population increases in spite of its politics."



IN 1920.

"This," said the guide, as the party reached one of the drifts on the Tugela, "this is a historic spot."

"Indeed?" said the tourist.

"Yes. This is the only place on the river at which General Buller did n't cross."

THESE REFORM waves would bother the politicians more if they did n't ebb.

IT IS evident that the Boer Government undertook this war without an adequate supply of rabbits' feet.

THE MAJOR is still having his troubles with those patriots whose creed and battle-cry is, "The Republic for the Republicans!"

THE FILIPINOS and Boers can both comfort themselves with the thought that Mr. Bryan is a firm friend of any people who are being chased by civilization.



NO REMEDY.

"You know I have a thirst, too, partner!"

"I know; but this would n't—hic!—do it any good. My thirst's getting—hic!—worse all the time!"

PUCK.

PUCK.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
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Wednesday, April 11, 1900.—No. 1205.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AT LAST THE TUNNEL.

CONTRACTOR McDONALD with his trusty shovel has gone underground at City Hall Park. Burrowing his way diligently, he will emerge in three or four years far to the North where yet the truck-garden spreads over land that will then become choice building-sites. The prayers of Harlem flat-dwellers will cheer him at his task, and Harlem hearts will in turn be cheered by every shovel of earth he moves. To most of them, the helpless cattle of the Elevated, the new road will be as a dream come true. Faring back and forth each day, shut up like concertinas, standing or being stood upon, clinging madly to the life-strap, using the same breath of air—or some one else's—perforce over and over, they have nursed visions of this thing. And now it is building. Let them joy in the certainty. They little dream that this shall be as other dreams: that, as the ways on the earth and above the earth are overcrowded, so will this way under the earth soon be; that, having trekked a little farther to the North and multiplied some more, they will presently be demanding Real Rapid Transit again, with as much need for it as ever. Nothing but a utilization of the fourth dimension of space, or a practical air-ship will ever relieve them permanently on this narrow strip of land. But let them dream, for the time.

"BAD" PUCK DOES n't know how "bad" a play "Sapho" was. The PLAYS. newspapers said it was nasty; and, as he does n't care much for nasty plays, he preferred to see those admitted to be clean when he went to the theatre. He knew of no ordinance compelling people to see plays advertised for their nastiness. There are, however, conventional men and women who are charmed by the idea of nastiness. A play noted solely for its salacious features draws them as sugar draws flies. Some of them go because the play feeds in a legal and conventional

way certain perfectly normal instincts which conventionality otherwise obliges them to dissemble. Sometimes they have dissembled these instincts until they are no longer normal but have become morbid. Others go because they want to see just how "bad" the play is and then have it suppressed. It is these latter who have suppressed the play in question. They want the police to protect them from their own vicious impulses. PUCK does n't feel the need of such protection; he has confidence in his own taste; but he does n't object to these people invoking it for themselves if they lack such confidence.

A POOR EXHIBIT. AMONG THE exhibits of the United States at the Paris Exposition will be one that, after much heated discussion, was emphatically rejected for our own Exposition at Chicago. The exhibit we refer to is a compound of superstition and bigotry, now happily almost extinct in our own country. At the request of the American Sabbath Union President McKinley has ordered that the United States buildings at Paris be closed on Sunday. Of course if the Exposition were to be held here public opinion would deter him from giving any such order. It would have to be open on that day as on other days, for the benefit of those who have but the seventh day for rest and recreation. But the President has doubtless reasoned that Paris is too far away for this public opinion to be stirred over the matter; and that so, while he will lose nothing, he may save himself a few votes of the Sabbatarian fanatics. Thus we shall be advertised to the world as still holding a silly and outworn belief which in fact we do not hold and do not practice. But a Presidential election impends, and every vote counts.

FROM THE BAY STATE.

DON'T THINK they are not paying attention to things up in good old Massachusetts. A Massachusetts Judge recently upheld a marriage contract which one of the parties had sought to break on the ground that it was entered into on Sunday. He cited the circumstance that in his own youth it was supposed that Sunday—especially Sunday evening—was chiefly designed for this matter. His decision was unquestionably in line with public policy, and neatly parried a blow struck at an industry that is said to be none too thriving in his State. A Massachusetts legislator, with the same good end in view, has introduced a bill which will probably win a less general assent. He seems to be one who has drunk unwisely at the fount of New England Protection. Premising that there are seventy thousand more women than men in the State and that these women are entitled to protection, he submitted a measure providing that "no male citizen of Massachusetts shall be allowed to go out of the State for a wife until he files with the Secretary of State an affidavit that he is unable to procure a wife in this Commonwealth." As intimated, we hardly expect this measure to be enacted, even in an extreme Protectionist State like Massachusetts; it seems like carrying the idea of protection to infant industries too far. But the general trend of Massachusetts thought and effort is seen to be toward a laudable end.

A GOOD WORK SUGGESTED.

MRS. BLATTS.—Carlyle, you're not getting much advertising lately. REVEREND BLATTS (*the sensational preacher*).—I know it, and I don't know what to do.

MRS. BLATTS.—Why not apply to the directors of the Elevated Road for permission to run the same in a Christian-like way for one week?

TOO CONFIDENT.

JOSH.—Well, I hope Jabez'll get back from that trip to New York all right.

SILAS.—Why should n't he?

JOSH.—Well, he's been blowin' that he reads the papers an' has his eye peeled for all sorts of bunco games.

FIGURING THE ODDS.

"Even yet," said President Steyn, "the British have not stopped sending out reinforcements."

"No," said President Kruger, with a sigh. "I wonder if they are trying to make this a sixteen to one movement?"

LATE.

"The Cape Dutch may rise yet."

"Possibly; but I think if they intended to rise they should have set their alarm clock earlier."



A REMEDY.

CASHIER.—I can not possibly live on the salary you are paying me!

EMPLOYER.—H'm! just as I thought! You must give me a bond to-morrow for five thousand dollars.

TOO OFTEN, alas! is the "straight ticket" filled up with crooked candidates.

FORTUNE SOMETIMES favors the brave, and sometimes she leads them into a trap.

PUCK.



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THE FROG WHO TRIED TO BE

PUCK.



TO BE AS BIG AS A BULL.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK.



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CASH DOWN.

CHICAGO THUG.—Say, Bill, we want ter hire yer hack fer three hours to-night! We're going ter abduct an actress, drive her down to a Clark Street dive, and rob her of her diamonds!

DRIVER.—Well, all right! But you tell her she'll have to pay fer de hack in advance!

MULLIGAN'S HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

CHAPTER VIII.—VAAL KRANTZ.



ELL, AS we seen in the last chapter, Buller med up his moind thot the war was up to Roberts an' Kitchener but it ud niver do for him to let the bur-rghers know he thought so. So he planned a sham attack on Joubert to keep him occupied an' prayvint him from goin' away from the neighborhood av Leddysmith. There was gr-rear fear av him goin' away from Leddysmith. So wan colym cr-crossed the river at a place they called a drift an' purtind to attack the Boers an' let itself be druv back across the river, the ginerals an' newspaper min laughin' at the way the bur-rghers was tuk in. An' another colym crossed at another place an' captured a kopje at the p'int av the bay'net, not thot they wanted the kopje at all but jist to kape up appearances an' purtind thot they was bound to raylave Leddysmith an' thot there was to be no tur-rnjn' back. An' the bur-rghers bein' completely desayed kem back at them in thriminus fource an' thried to rush the kopje an' pushed them back at fur-rst but a whole Br-ritish brigade kem along an'-char-rged bay'nits in gran' stoyle an' whin the Boers seen the cowld steel at a distance av, mebbe, wan or two thousand yar-rds, they bruk an' run, lavin' the Br-ritish as pr-roud an' victor'ous on the kopje as if the whole movement was n't a sham attack after all.

An' they intrinched thimselves thot night an' sint up a man in a balloon in the mor-rnin' to luk at the bur-rghers' position, which was on the top av a kloof, whatever the devil thot may be. An' whin the man in the balloon seen the bur-rghers' position he thanked his stars thot this was only a sham attack, for he seen sich an assor-rtmint av artillery as ud make mince meat av anny other koind av an attack. An' he raypor-rted to Buller thot, in his opinion, the pr-rincipal moind rayder av the Boer army must have figured out thot the Br-ritish ud plant thimselves on this very place—Vaal Krantz, they called it—an', accordin'ly, the neighborin' heights was just covered wit' laagers an' Boibles. An' in the mor-rnin' the Boers shtarted in singin' psalms an' poppin' off guns to sich an intxt thot Vaal Krantz bekem too mooch loike Spion Kop to suit the convaynience av the Br-ritish ar-my. So Buller says to his officers, says he, "We moight jist as well go over to the other soide av the river, for we'll do jist as much good on the other soide as iver we did on

this soide, an' we'll be a dale more comfor-rtable—at anny rate, if these cur-rsed Dootch don't come shnipin' after us." An' over they wint.

An' the priss cinsor called the newspaper min around him an' he says, "Now thot we're all safe over the Tugela ag'in, gentlemin, ye can sind out yer raypor-rts. But ye must raymimber thot this was nothin' but a sham attack. The uninstrucuted civilyan obser-rver moight think thot Gin'r'l Buller has been licked, but sich is not the case, an' it wud be a pity to let sich an' iday go abr-road, for the Gin'r'l has throubles enough, poor man. Therefore, ye moight mintion that we, in official cir-cles, consider this movemint av Gin'r'l Buller's as wan av the ablest an' most successful he has med durin' the war. In the fir-rst place, he has n't lost a gun—think av thot, gentlemin; in the sicond place, he has found out a lot av infor-mation about Vaal Krantz an' Krantz Kloof an' communicated the same to the Intelligince Daypar-rtmint av the War Office, which is invistigatin' the new an' intherestin' subjet av the jografy av Natal; in the third place, this movemint br-routed gr-rear, though timp'ray j'y to our manny frinds in Durban an' Pietermaritzburg, who have been cablin' to the inds av the airth thot Leddysmith was as good as raylaved. Durban an' Pietermaritzburg will be disapp'nted for a toime, I know, but their sperrits'll soon be up ag'in. Hope springs ayter-nal in Durban an' Pietermaritzburg. An', besides, the rale object av Buller was to kape Joubert from jumpin' on Roberts who is jist about to move.

An' the newspaper min bein' convinced be the argymints av the cinsor, sint their despatches accordin'ly.

There was some three or four hundred casualties. They wor not sham casualties.

CELA VA SANS DIRE.

I LIST TO the wail of each latter-day poet
Who discovers his themes must be six months ahead;
But the same dire necessity, did he but know it,
Has coerced every writer, both living and dead.

My struggles with seasons full well I remember;
I'm sure I speak whereof I know when I say
That Tennyson wrote his *May Queen* in November,
And Tom Hood composed his *November* in May.

The Night before Christmas was sent to the printer
(I'm morally sure) by the Fourth of July;
And, of course, *June, Dear June*, was composed in the Winter;
And *Spring, Gentle Spring*, when the Autumn was nigh.

The Death of the Old Year was written in Summer;
Thomson's *Seasons* were each made up out of their time.
Yet these things astonish each timid new-comer
Who aims to adopt the profession of rhyme.

Carolyn Wells.

IF EXPANSION were always as troublesome as it is in South Africa it would soon go out of fashion.



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A THREAT.

THE FLY LOVER.—Accept me, and my life shall be devoted to your happiness;—refuse me, and I'll hurl myself into the depths below!



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ALWAYS DOUBTFUL.

HE.—In case of doubt play a trump!
SHE.—But, dear me! I have n't that many trumps!

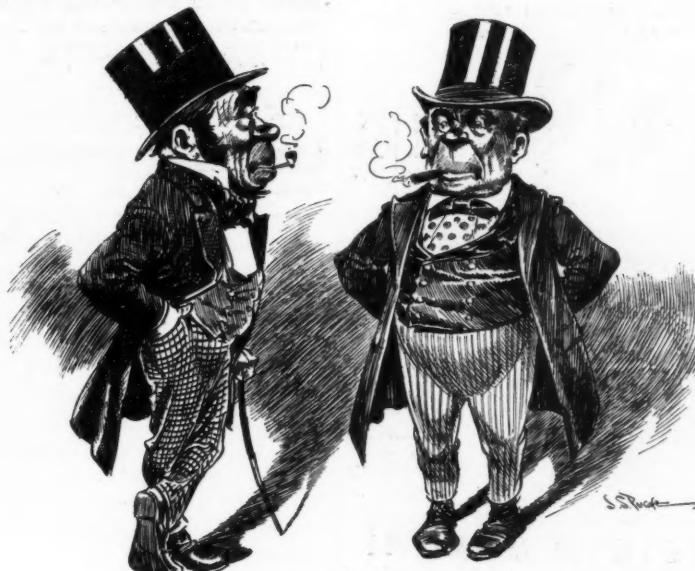
IN OPERA.

Pietro, in the opera, weeps for joy.

"That you, a high-born lady, should condescend to love me, a mere blacksmith!" he exclaims.

"I suppose it is because bassos can be hired so much cheaper than tenors!" sighs Gabrielle, wearily.

The course of her thought is at once apparent. For in opera he is an unthinkable basso who does n't sing blacksmith songs, and his being a blacksmith becomes thereupon a matter of dramatic unity.



HOW IT LOOKED.

CASEY.—Costigan got his life insured lasht April and he's dead so quick!

CASSIDY.—Shure, and he must hov hod a pull wid de insurance company!

A HIGHER GIFT.

"A financier is a man who makes lots of money, is n't he, Pa?"
"No, Freddy; — a financier is a man who gets hold of lots of money other people make."

TWO BAD PHASES.

"Henry, don't let your beard get long."
"Why, Amelia?"
"I've noticed that when a man runs to whiskers he either quits wearing a necktie or gets to be a spiritualist."

WHAT'S THE USE?

THE FARMER.—Why don't you work?
THE TRAMP.—D' yer t'ink everybody in de world is crazy? I never worked in me life, but I don't owe anyone a cent, while I s'pose you've bin workin' since yer was able ter drive a cow; an' I'll bet dey's a mor'gage on yer farm dat keeps yer hustlin' ter pay de int'rest on!

AS HE PUT IT.

"Yes," said the Colonel; "I have always been a firm believer in discipline. Consequently, whenever my wife and daughter issue their orders I obey without hesitation."

"I understand your daughter is to be married."
"Yes; she's going to assume an independent command."



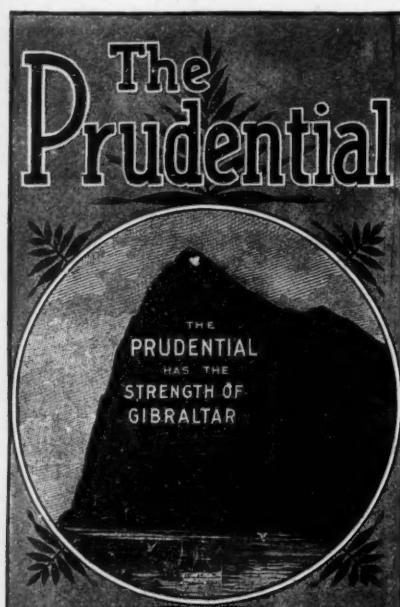
FRIEND.—Did you see anything interesting during your trip around the world?

DIME MUSEUM MANAGER (*in disgust*).—Naw; — only an Arabian three-headed boy!

IN HEAVEN, we suppose, we shall hear Italians sing without it costing us a red cent.

IT IS almost useless for the office to seek the man, unless it can provide him with a pull.

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Of course, her Easter bonnet
May share her thoughts; but, Oh !
Should she not think upon it?
It's "heavenly," you know.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

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EDITOR.—Step right in, my boy! Don't be bashful with your maiden manuscript! It is a poem on Spring, I suppose?

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bury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.

CAUSE FOR INDIGNATION.

"Gracious! That dog's mad!" exclaimed the guinea hen. "Poor fellow! I wonder what made him so?"

"Perhaps," replied the wise house-
cat, "he's the dog they try the new
plays on." — Catholic Standard and
Times.

A MAN is surprised every time he
finds his slippers where he expected to.
—Washington Democrat.

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A DROP OF INK.

"A drop of ink makes millions think."
Pooh! that's all tommy-rot!

For, I declare, it makes more swear
When it becomes a blot.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

WOMEN like to compare themselves to fawns at bay, surrounded by a pack of hounds. Still, natural history fails to relate that fawns ever get out and chase the hounds.—Atchison Globe.



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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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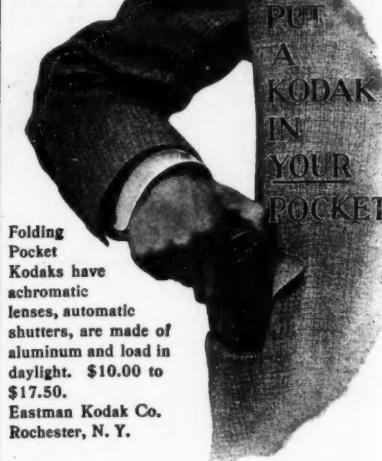
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TIME TO QUIT.

PATIENT (impatiently).—I don't like our doctor. He never knows when to let well enough alone.
HIS WIFE.—Let well enough alone?
PATIENT.—No; he does n't! He has been coming here every day for two weeks after I became well.

.....OUT TO-DAY.....

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NEWLYWED.—Why, yes! But, darn it! the butcher won't!

BY the term "society leader" is meant a woman who invents schemes to keep people out of bed who would otherwise retire early.—*Atchison Globe*.

PATIENCE.—I don't see how in the world Penelope came to marry such a quiet man!

PATRICE.—Why, he wasn't that way before she married him!—*Yonkers Statesman*.



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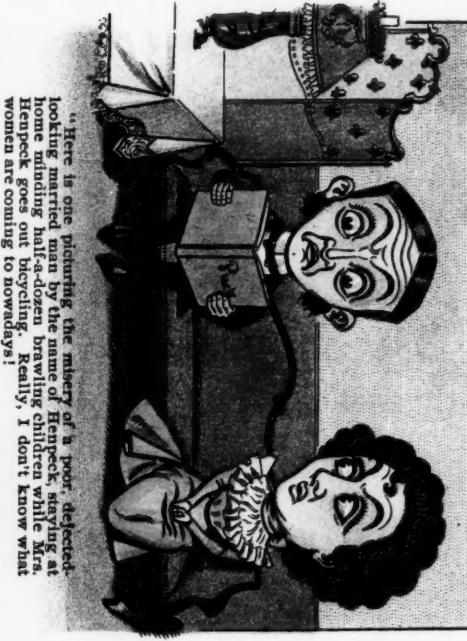
"I know what to do. Here is a bound volume of PUCK. I will place it on the parlor table, and if time lags all he will have to do is to look through it and be entertained. I'll post Mary how to work it."



Mrs. Makemach. — Oh, yes! I am so glad you called, Mr. Backward. Yes; that is a bound volume of PUCK. Popper is so fond of humor! Certainly you may look at it.



Mrs. BACKWARD. — Ah! what is this one? The humor of the trials, tribulations and struggle for existence of the usual newly-married couple. I don't see anything funny in that. It is too true to be funny.



"Here is one picturing the misery of a poor, detected-looking married man by the name of Henpeck, staying at home minding half-a-dozen brawling children while Mrs. Henpeck goes out bicycling. Really, I don't know what women are coming to nowadays!"



"And here are mother-in-law jokes by the dozen. They may say that where there is smoke there is always fire. Not any in mine, thank you!"



"Yes, Miss Makemach, I have, of late, thought I would marry, but these jokes have convinced me that the married state is one that a man of such a timid nature as mine should never dare to enter. I will bid you good-by!"



"One of the funniest things in this life appears to be the misery of married men. Here is a joke about the married man doing the housework. Another, how he is afraid of his servants. Here is one how he has to wear old clothes in order to pay his wife's dressmaking bills; how he has to walk the baby all night."



Mrs. MAKEMACH. — Oh! You blind, blundering idiot! Miss MAKEMACH. — Yes, boo-hoo! Just as I had him almost caught, too!

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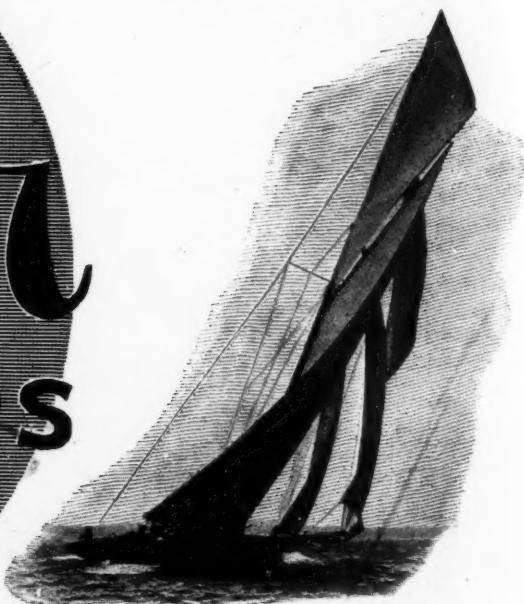
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